

# THE GOULD. BLUE AND GOLD

VOLUME II—NUMBER 1

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## GOULD TRIUMPHS TWICE

### Coming Events Cast Their Shadows

The barbecue IS coming. Honest. The weather man's plans and those of the committee just didn't seem to correspond before. But it really is coming along in the near future—if our hopes aren't thwarted again. It's going to be better than the last one, too. Gosh, my mouth is watering already. I won't tell you what there is to be to eat. You'll just have to wait.

October twenty-third is the date set to introduce the "younger set," namely the Freshmen, to the "wheel-chair battalion." (That's us who've been here before, in case you're wondering.) This is where all you boys take a broad and not so subtle hint. We've even found an orchestra, so come on kids, let's see how many there can be "tripping the light fantastic."

December tenth is the great night for our Gould Dramatic Club, for then it will present three one-act plays, as good as any last year. That certainly means they'll be good. Excellent casts have been chosen, consisting in all of seven men and twelve girls. "The Underdog," an action-packed thriller which keeps you continually in suspense has about the same theme as "The Valiant." The second play, "His Blue Serge Suit," is a hilarious comedy concerning the adventures of a man who loses his first long pants suit. We know you will enjoy "A Woman of Character." It has an all-girl cast—enough said.

From what I gather no definite plans have been made for the Minstrel Show. But if you use your imagination you can get a pretty good idea of what it is going to be like. Take, for instance, the best looking boy in school, I'm not mentioning any names, and blacken his face, and see what you've got. "Yeah man" here's one person who thinks it's going to be a show worth seeing.

### GOULD HUSKIES TROUNCE NORWAY 27-0 IN BRILLIANT START OF THE SEASON

After a last minute talk by Coach Scott in the locker room the boys ran out on the field behind Captain Al Emery to meet the Norway High School team. It was the first game for both teams and little was known as to the ability of our opponents.

The afternoon was a dull one, but the Gould rooters, cheerleaders, band, and the victory cheered it up before long.

Gould started the game by kicking off to Norway, and taking possession of the ball shortly afterwards. From here the Huskies advanced and then put the ball over by means of "Ingy" Merrill around our left end. All this happened within five minutes of the kick-off. From here on in, it was easy meat for the Blue and Gold with Merrill putting two more over and Jacobs one.

In the third and fourth quarters, Mentor Scott gave all the boys who have been to practice every day, and who have worked hard a chance in the game, and all our boys showed their ability very well.

Gould's easy victory can be traced to the very fine blocking and smart head play on offense, and to the terrific tackling on defense.

We hope not to see moping faces around school at the end of the marking periods. As long as everyone studies hard—and we know they will—everything will be all right. Need we mention the exciting football games we have had and those yet to come? Though we may have to huddle in blankets, with cold toes and purple faces, we enjoy every moment of these games.

Three cheers! Just think, only sixty-five days till Christmas vacation. And look at the length of it! Almost three weeks before we have to settle down for the winter term and face the horrors of mid-years. Oh gosh, let's forget I mentioned it.

### TEAM SCORES VICTORY OVER FRYEBURG 34-6 SATURDAY AFTERNOON

A hard-charging Gould team continued its winning ways against a weak Fryeburg eleven at Fryeburg last Saturday.

The game was only three minutes old when Merrill, on a reverse around Fryeburg's right end, raced 50 yards before he was stopped on the Fryeburg 10 yard line. Tom Jacobs then crashed over for the score. Al Emery place-kicked the extra point. It took just five minutes and another long run, this time by Jacobs, who on an off-tackle-play, behind excellent blocking, dodged in and out, eluding many potential tacklers, to put Gould into scoring position. Again Jacobs smashed over from the 12. Emery again converted.

The second quarter started with a series of punts by both teams. The hot sun was beginning to take its toll, with the teams weakening. Late in the period, the visiting eleven again smashed its way to the Fryeburg 15 from where "Spike" Emery, on a fake reverse, raced through a wide gap in the Fryeburg line which was opened by a determined, charging Gould forward wall. This time Emery missed the kick for the extra point.

The second half started in the same manner as the first. After several passed and running plays had put Gould on the Fryeburg 4 yard line, Bob Tillson, behind good blocking, pushed over for Gould's fourth score. Once again Emery booted the pigskin through the crossbars, making Gould 27—Fryeburg 0. The home team got its only score of the game when Burnell intercepted a pass and raced 50 yards down the sidelines unmolested. Another highlight of the game came when Merrill, on a reverse from Jacobs, came around left end, ran between two Fryeburg players, and right into the clear while the whole Fryeburg team was wondering where the ball was. The best ground-gainers for Gould were Emery,

### Academy Campus Welcomes New Teachers

#### MRS. DYER

Mrs. Dyer started her career at Old Town, Maine—but definitely not on the reservation! She was graduated from Bates College and later did graduate work at the University of New Hampshire and at Middlebury. Before coming to Gould she taught at Berwick Academy and at Deering High in Portland.

It might be interesting to note that Mrs. Dyer spent one summer in France, returning on the Normandie only two weeks before war broke out in Europe.

We, as a student body, are extremely pleased and proud to have Mrs. Dyer as a member of our faculty—especially since she has a smile which simply can't be topped!

#### MR. SCOTT

We point with pride to our football coach—Mr. Scott. Since we shattered Norway in our first game of the season, it is interesting to note that Scott taught there in twenty-nine. After Norway, he taught at Bar Harbor for nine years. There he coached football and baseball, and also met Mrs. Scott.

In thirty-nine, he did graduate work at the U. of New Hampshire. While there, he was assistant coach at Exeter. For three years after, he taught at Hebron where he coached football and assisted in other sports.

Graduated from Colby, he did graduate work at Maine and Bates. In forty-two, he received his Master of Arts degree from U. of N. H.

Merrill, Jacobs, and Tillson, while the whole team did a good all-around job of blocking. The next game for Gould will be at the Alumni Field next Saturday against South Paris. The game promises to be Gould's toughest test of the year because South Paris beat Norway with a score of 33-7.

# THE GOULD BLUE AND GOLD

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## THE SILVER LINING

Editorials are sometimes used for fault finding, or for a discussion of world affairs. However, since I have no fault to find, and the problems of the world are being discussed and solved by better brains than mine, that excludes two topics.

There is certainly no shortage of eager patriots for potato picking. I have even seen disillusioned students either close to real salt tears, or else green with envy because they were not "picked to pick." Imagine it—fighting for the chance to paddle ankle deep in good clean earth full of angleworms and field mice! Hmm—choice occupation!

And air raids! When the girls swarm into the cellar for a restless hour midst a sea of bikes and skis. A conscientious soul in one corner slaves away on some Latin, with the handle bar of a 1930 balloon tire Collegiate crammed mercilessly into her ribs, while in another corner someone chants the age-old morale builder:

Leaning o'er the lake side—  
Oh, Farmer save my child;  
The child was bigger than the firemen  
So Willie's teeth will soon be in  
Hang the ice out to dry.

Looking through the knot hole  
In Grandpa's wooden leg—  
Who will wind the clock when I am gone?  
Quick get the axe  
There's a fly on Baby's head!  
A boy's best friend is his mother  
You're another.

Anonymous

No, I wouldn't miss this phase of the war for anything. If we are so selfish as to fail to appreciate Gould Academy for anything else, let's be glad of the chance we get to view the silver lining of the dark cloud of war.

## Old Anon

### VISITS MR. VACHON'S FRENCH CLASS

It is generally a perplexing matter to the new student at Gould Academy to locate his French class for the first session. The wily Mr. Vachon has contrived a little obstacle course in reaching his domicile which is designed to sift out the less intelligent students before they can even find the classroom. Our average neophyte, confident that the French room should logically lie behind the door marked "French," strides unknowingly into one of Mr. Thompson's wild west rodeos. According to Mr. Vachon, if anyone is man enough to extract himself from the jaws of this impending menace with all limbs intact and still have the courage to continue the search and successfully locate French class, which is in the "English" room, he is indeed a student worthy of the linguistic wisdom to be imparted to him during the coming year. (Mr. Vachon still remembers how, when he first came here, he taught French to five English classes for a week before he found the room himself.)

And so our unsuspecting pupil, the color slowly returning to his chubby cheeks after the first great ordeal, picks out a seat for himself among the towering stacks of new language books, peeps about at his fellow unfortunates, and meekly opens his notebook to start the season's work.

It is soon discovered, however, that the teacher does not speak English. Instead, there emanates from his perpetually cheery smile a torrent of undulating accents which doubtless constitute a foreign language. After a moment's deduction it is concluded by our student that this must be French. He listens dreamily to the liquid intonations of the language he intends to master. Ah, the glamour of it! A striking portrait of Napoleon and the stirring first measures of "The Marseillaise" flash to mind. The French Revolution, —Joan of Arc,—Charles Boyer,—Francais! The language of romance!

Of course, after forty minutes it becomes somewhat less romantic. The smile never ceases to radiate from that rosy face; nor does the French. Questions are hurled among the students; answers are stuttered back in broken monotone by a few of the better informed members of the class. Our inexperienced pupil, however, still sits transfixed as strange words are scrawled on the blackboard and instructions are given on the outlandish procedure of kissing one's mother-in-law.

At the end of the recitation, Mr. Vachon gives out the books and, aided by his steady diet of alphabet soup, spends ten minutes in giving the assignment. When this

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## Goings-On at Gehring

Hello Everybody,

I certainly was glad to see you all traipsing in to the institution again last month. Who am I? Why, I've lived here for all my married life. It was very sad when we had to move out of Holden Hall (the inspection was too rigid); but our second year at Gehring is starting out to be delightful. You see, I'm Merton and, oh yes, my wife is Mildred. We're—shsh—! I had to keep myself quite unknown and unseen last year because of "Asis-ki," but now I can introduce myself.

Now, where was I? Oh yes! I greatly enjoy Gehring Hall. For instance, I was quietly scampering up second hall one afternoon when right in front of room 15, I heard noises which really promised food; but under the door, what should I have invaded but the "Pool-Your-French-Club" with Anne Litchard as chairman and nearly all of French III as members. Ma fois, Mes filles!

I abhor loud noises and believe me I picked up Mildred and ran that evening when the quietness (?) of study hours was shattered by the fire gong. I raced down the back stairs and almost got stepped on by Ann and Ham. Whish—they were out the door! My, my girls, it was ONLY a false alarm. Ask Burt—she held the bell.

I really thought that Gehring Hall would have to be turned into a hospital after the potato picking, but even Dodo seems to have survived. At least she was all right Saturday night.

Chaffee, I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes—a Sinatra Swoon! His recordings are to be heard every day in Rooms 14, 21 and plenty of others.

Now I'm convinced Barbara Doyle has patience. Oh yes she has! I saw her signing EIGHT of her friends in just the other day.

Really, I thought I'd seen everything, but blue shoes right in the middle of the second hall and then above the door of Room 24. Well, that's too much! Who COULD they belong to?

I usually expect to have peace and quiet on Saturday night, but not last week. Second hall was literally running wild—cops and robbers! What's the world coming to? —I guess a few third hallers wonder too, after that night.

Mildred is still worrying if Anne Aldrich got a new toothbrush! Well, your horn looked lovely anyway, Anne.

The "lock-outs" and "lock-ins" with Sukey the "out" and Bev, Dedi, and Irene the "ins" were very confusing on third hall. I was so

continued on next page

## Those Outstanding Town Topics

**'LADIES and GENTLEMEN!'**  
We present Alfred Emery, better known as "Spike." The election of "Al" as captain of the Gould Academy football team was the logical and fitting result of his former record with one of our rivals, South Paris, and last year on Gould's team.

He is a 150 pound half back and worth his weight in gold. It is his uncanny kicking ability that has made him feared by any opposition.

However, fine football playing is not "Spike's" only accomplishment. He will try to equal his efforts on the basketball floor and as outfield on the baseball diamond.

Many better know "Al" as that nonchalant waiter, who empties his water jug going up the main aisle.

But, in spite of all his achievements, "Al" still remains a modest and unassuming fellow with a surprising grin on his face. It is this bit of character that has enabled him to win so many friends, who wish him all the luck in the world.

Here she is; no, there she is, she is in everything everywhere—all at once.

You know her, of course—Barbara Coolidge, for she has been in such a variety of activities that, wherever your interests lie, you must have come in contact with her at some time or other.

In the musical line as a supporting alto, Barb is in Varsity Glee Club, and Choir. On the other hand, in the field of athletics, we find her three years as guard on the class basketball team, and a very flashy wing in field hockey.

Barb, having one of the highest honors given a girl, is president of 'Girls' Athletic Association and is doing an ideal job in overseeing a party to come off this month sponsored by the council.

In Barb, we have quite a student, but she far from restricts herself to scholastic achievements. She has hopes of furthering her aims in the Central Maine General Hospital next year, and we know she'll make a wonderful nurse.

### GOINGS-ON

—continued

afraid they'd be late for supper, but they made it!

"Curiosity killed the cat" (thanks to Laurel), didn't it, Burt, Ham, Anne, Dot, and Mary Lou? Hope your sojourn was as successful as mine.

Mildred is terribly jealous of Gehring's array of clothes. But she hasn't said a word about Peg's new dickey.

And, oh yes. To close with a word of seriousness, I don't want to be the only one who doesn't say "Congratulations, Peg Oates!"

Keep the cats away,  
Merton

Here I am your latest reporter giving you the latest news about "Big Bethel."

Hi! Mary Lou!

Jive! Jive! to the music of Brooky and his trombone! What music!

Say, Kids! have you seen Carol Robertson's small jacket she's been wearing! Hope you don't get lost in it, Red.

Hunting Season is now in session. Gil LeClair has got his Marshal already.

Flash! Carlie Bryant has just received an identification bracelet. Carlie, is it (Gordon or Silver?

Come one, Come all, woman hater, (Y)oung.

"Taxi"? Try Hunter's latest new. Did I say new? How many passengers? As many as it will hold. Cost, one gas coupon. For further information, Phone Bethel 133.

The Navy wishes to announce that it has a new mascot. A (P)ussy!

Helen Robertson, has your flame (K)endalled yet?

Shoes? Shoes! Shoes? Shoes!

Shoes, Shoes, Shoes, Shoes,

Will be fixed this fall,

Will take out squeaks,

With Stan Davis's technique.

Dotty Judkins is having a swell time at the noon dances in the Gym. How about you Gene?

One of the cleverest and cutest of Mr. Myers' pupils (Maurice Kendall thinks so, too) is "Katy" Kellogg. Let her loose with a typewriter and anything—ANYTHING can happen.

Barb Browne can't seem to solve her problems so she wishes to present them to you readers. She wants to know whether it's that tall light and handsome Senior or the Navy.

What has eyes and can not see? Why you potato pickers should know if anyone does. Team work and a will to win can mean a complete and lasting victory. Congratulations, Potato Pickers.

Nit: Why hasn't Hitler a suitcase?

Wit: He lost his grip in Russia. Congratulations! Jacky Autor. We hear you have a new little sister.

Come on kids it is almost time for the Freshman Reception. Let's have a good turn out of all you town kids. If you can't dance now is the time to learn.

"Paddy" Philbrick was badly burned the other day. It wasn't under the collar but below the lips. How'd this all happen? "Don" Morrill should know.

Best wishes to all the town boys in the services. We hope that all you kids will correspond more often with the boys. Most of them say that it is seldom that they hear from the kids from good old Gould.

## Holden Hall Harlequinade

Flash: We have another "Curly" Archer in our midst. Who is he? Why everybody knows. He is Willy Moore, the one and only resident of the "butt" room (smoking den to the more refined). It took us but a few days to realize this resemblance. With some of the other Holden Hall Honorables, however, it took a bit longer to learn their true idiosyncrasies and abilities. When dear old Gould opened who realized that Blaine Ambler, successor to Robert Swan Townsend III in the clothes line, (we'll tell you about lines in the next edition) would have the name of "Kreml"? I can't understand that. Or who would have thought that dear little Gordon's voice was going to change? or Stump Arnold would grow a whole half inch? Unbelievable isn't it? Oh, yes, Blaine, tell that overgrown roommate of yours, Alonzo Stevens, not to wear a green tie with a blue shirt.

Mr. and Mrs. Clunie now have Mr. Roderick's old apartment. I guess "Joe" decided both boys' dorm and his little daughter would be too much for him.

Next door to Mr. Clunie we find Joe Murray, who entered this school quietly and shyly, (I guess they all enter that way). Little did we dream that he was to develop into a full fledged wolf in three weeks.

In the infirmary, which has tenants this year, we find C. Wight and F. Savage. Savage seems like a nice guy—let's hope Carl doesn't influence him in his wolfish ways. Young Richmond looks like a pretty smooth article. Watch out—Women of 1947.

Well, finally we have seen it—some real jitterbugging in Gould Academy. Nice work, Sumner! I hear your cousin Jay isn't so bad either.

We hope that from that coniving bunch of fledglings on the first floor, there will emerge some future leaders. It looks doubtful, but it's happened before.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster occupy the same apartment, but they have a new neighbor—Joe Wellington. It's a perfectly grand place for Joe who is inclined to argue with his conscience. Jimmy Ried has Malcolm Brown's old room—he claims he likes the view of the football field. Again this year we are honored by the presence of Royal Day Packard, who upon arriving, after shoveling his way from La Tuque merely said, "Isn't it grand? No snow."

Tom Jacobs, cousin of Norm Jacobs, who was intelligent, has returned again to drive us slowly insane by playing—or rather attempting to play Francis Gilman's trumpet. Gilman promised to lock it up.

### MISS BURRIS

A cavity has recently been made in our school administration which will be difficult to replenish. We have all keenly felt the absence of Esther Burris, our Registrar, who has left Gould for employment in Boston.

Since her graduation from Gould Miss Burris had served as book-keeper, secretary to the principal and finally, as Registrar at the academy. You may have known her in one of several capacities; perhaps as the individual who managed your chaotic financial affairs or as the person who brought you a cordial invitation call on Dr. Lawrence for a much-detested "medical"!

Whatever the association with her, we truly appreciate her sympathy with our capricious whims. May her new job be free from "overdrawn allowances" and summons for medical examinations!

### OLD ANON

—continued

is over, the pupils creep out from under the table, pale and shaken, to start getting their new books together before the bell rings. At this point the teacher, who has little respect for school bells as opposed to the melody of his chosen language, again starts to spout his unfamiliar brand of double-talk. Five minutes after the end of the period the rattle of alien phrases again ceases, and the class is dismissed.

Our new student wanders with glazed eyes out into the hall. He mops the perspiration from his now wrinkled brow. He has a new outlook on life: "If I spend three hours on my French, when am I going to do my history, and my physics, and my English, and my geometry?"

And so the football team loses another able man.

Question: Why does Al Emery walk round as if he were lost?

Answer: He misses something or someone.

The only new teacher in the dorm is Mr. Scott, our dormmaster. We all agree he is a right guy.

This year, as last, you have to fight your way through a teeming group of freshmen to even see a pool table. When Christmas arrives Kimball and Allen ought to be real sharks.

In closing my column I wish to add that the Joes, a society made up of the most intelligent and select group of wolves in the dormitory shall begin interviews for membership the day this paper rolls off the presses.

### COMPLIMENTS

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